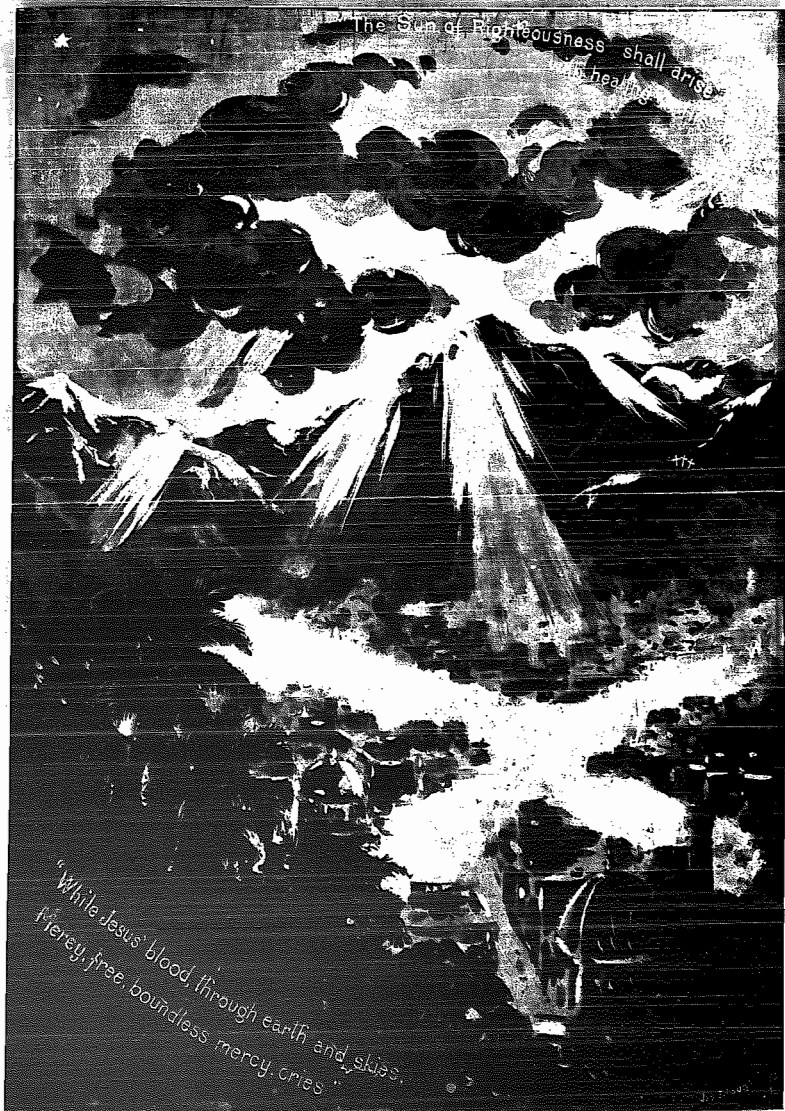


SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER

OF THE

The Sun of Righteousness shall arise
in healing



"While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries."

(THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS)

WAR CRY

WAR CRY

THE
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

VOL. IX. No. 440. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1893. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 10 CENTS.

THE SLEEPY DISCIPLES!

What! could ye not watch with me one hour!



THE WOMEN TO THE FRONT

"He is not here - He is risen. Go quickly and tell....."

With the dead, corruption and worms, and many other disagreeable and destructive things run riot. They have it all their own way. Resistance has ceased. In spiritual death, spiritual decay and corruption



THE SOUL DEVOTED TO GOD CARRIES
THE CROSS WITH LOVE



THE REWARD SHOULD NOT ONLY INSPIRE THEM WITH HOPE, BUT INFLAME THEM WITH DESIRE.



LOOKING BY FAITH AT THE GOAL
GIVES FRESH COURAGE.



WE CANNOT, AND MUST NOT, MINI-

Easter Tide, ☉
☉ High Tide

EASTER, like Xmas, heralds in a new hope, a new era. Christ is born. His star is set by the wise men from the East, and they come and worship Him. The angel approves the shepherd's choice of the manger, and the shepherds are glad to behold Him bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, who shall save you from all iniquity. He is born to you, O Israel, with majestic grandeur. The One Whom they have so long looked for has come at last. Faith is rewarded, hope is lightened, service is blessed.

So that spotless, childhood life is passed in Nazareth. At twelve, He is found reasoning with the doctors in the Temple. At sixteen, He is seen with Mary and the brethren, and His Father's business? As manhood is attained, He is baptized by John in Jordan. Then that terrible wilderness temptation follows, and the great victory is won. The Kingdom of the Spirit, and commences His ministry. It is soon accomplished, He is condemned and crucified. The veil of the Temple was rent, and the earth trembled. The greatest, holiest cloud now rested over the world.

The great tide of hope now ebbs and rolls back in tempestuous surges. The great ball of truth strands along the deserted coast line. Peter's faith had failed, and the other disciples had fled; all had forsaken Him. The devil, who cannot see God's plans, now thought a glorious victory won. The Chief Priests and Pharisees, who were satisfied that they had put an end to Him; but the Father had other plans. "I will arise again." These words were remembered by His disciples too, for we find Mary Magdalene and the other Mary at the sepulchre early on the first day of the week. As they came, the stone was gone, and the angels stood waiting at the entrance of the tomb. The angels spoke and said unto the women, "Fear not this; for I know ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen as He said. Come, see the place where He lay." These gloomy caverns could not retain that form. He was crucified for our sin, He rose for our justification.

The tide, though for many days out, is now rolling in. The numbing swelling tide comes in, lifting stranded vessels, bearing them up on gentle, peaceful waves lustrous with Gospel hope and Gospel promise. He speaks to them and says, "Behold I go before you into Galilee." Glorious promise. Go before us over this sea. Still the waves calm the tempest. We shall sail in the swell of his vessel if we keep near enough to Him. So Easter tide is like Xmas tide, is high tide.

Often the tide is out for months and years in our lives. We get discouraged, hope fails, our hearts are cast down, and spirits dejected, we know not what to do. Adversity and affliction come. The tide is out, and we are stranded.

pathos fail, friends—there are none. We are in despair, we are truly stranded. Look up discouraged soul! It is not ours to question His laws, or to try to penetrate the cloud, but to keep our eyes on the bow of promise. It is not ours to question the rectitude of His dispensation, but to calmly wait and the tide will turn. Even now it is leaving the distant shore. Soon it will come sweeping majestically rolling, bearing us up on its waves of comfort, cheer, sweet promises, healing balm, and we have victory.

How beautiful, that no trouble that overtakes us can overthrow us! For yonder is the tide coming in; God knows how and when to deal with us. His afflictions are not arbitrary appointments. There is a righteous necessity in all He does. He does not drive back the waves and leave us stranded for no purpose. Accident, chance, fate, destiny, have no place in our creed. He sees that our duties have been languidly performed, they have been coldly neglected. Love to the world has taken place to love to Him-

The resurrection was the climax of the work of Jesus—its culminating glory.

Eighteen hundred years have passed since that tide came in. The world has changed, but Christ has not. We see penitents crouching at His feet, and sent away forgiven; sorrow tracking His footprints, with tears, and sent away with tears checked and

And wasted feature, and the sufferer cheered. Soon it will
be over! Another tide will soon be in to bear us on forever on
the peaceful breast of its calm, cooling waters. A few more
night watches, a few more tossings on life's tempestuous sea.
Each sun as it sets, is bringing us nearer that joyful consummation.
Time is hastening with gigantic footsteps. The eternal tide will
come in. Blessed hope, the dawning of the Sabbath morn, the
tidal day of the soul, the glorious appearing of Jesus our Saviour.
It will come to refresh us, to melt us, to melt us. No more suffering, no more

MRS. STAFF-CAPT. BOLTON.

8 C A L I

Easter Dawnings

FAVY-CAPT. J.
READ.

Lo, a new
creation
dawning;
Lo, I rise to
life divine!
My soul an Easter morn-
ing,
I am Christ's, and Christ



F. Just under the window of the
arters where I am staying, the sea is
ashing up under the fish flakes. High
cky hills rise, hemming in the little
ves which are fringed with fisher-
en's cottages. What peculiar names!
here is Mud Cove, Brown's Cove,

Lo, a new creation dawning!
That hellish darkness had settled down

father was a Sunday school teacher. His aged mother was a loving parent. At what avail? The darkness, gross darkness, rested upon this human being. He tried to be good but could not. Teaching

Y.M.C.A. Bible classes availed him very little, for his new birth was needed. The right hand of fellowship, given by a Congregational minister, helped him nothing, for he was accepted into the Church of God in an unsaved condition. Awful fact this! What more baneful condition could a poor soul be in? The Armistice came along. Tom was

Let I rise to life divine. Poor Sam! Down! Down! Down! For years he had gone recklessly down, following hard in the devil's train. A furnitureless home, a heart-broken wife, a starving family, a wrecked body and a well-nigh-broken soul.

...my streets he happened across a little ring of uniformed men and women. Some unseen, but not unhelpful, power stopped him. "Salvation for the drunkard? Mercy for the vilest?" queried the men, as he listened to the testimonies. Sam faced the matter. "A drunk's ghost his poor wife and starving children rose up before him." He knew he was the cause of it all. He knew he was bound.

In my soul an Easter morning. Jessie's mother was saved

that the Army was to be my place." The day before Jessie's Easter morning "was a dark day indeed. She describes it as a day with the devil. Night after night she would blow out the lamp and sit by her bedroom window weeping and crying over her condition of soul. Her father was not willing for her to attend Army meetings, but by hook or by crook she would go. As at all the class meetings was attended, but this failed to satisfy the

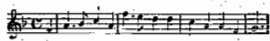
However, the mighty deed was done. She succeeded well as a CRY sergeant, then she was sent to assist a Captain in a company. She has never since been out of harness. Right down through Army career she has had divine joy, light, peace and happiness.

I am Christ's and Christ is mine. Oh, the sham consolation which fills the church of God to-day! What empty, hollow, senseless professions one hears on every hand. To be Christ's means more than many think. To be Christ's means to have de-
votedly and in cold blood said a long eternal good-bye to things of this world. No business, home, family, time, no, nothing must

Oh, may this Easter-tide be a time of great revelations on

divine; it will be an Easter morning to thousands, and with countless multitudes will echo and re-echo the words, "I am

1. Gethsemane.



DARK was the hour, Gethsemane,
When through thy walks was heard
The lowly man of Galilee
Still pleading with the Lord.

CHORUS—Jesus, my Saviour.

None in sorrow saw Him bow,
As all our grief He bears;
Not words may tell His anguish now,
But sweat and blood, and tears.

There prostrate on the earth He lies,
God's well-beloved Son;
But still the faithful sufferer cries,
Forth, Thy will be done.

For me He prays, I hear Him pray,
He will my soul receive;
Now, Jesus, take my sins away!
I believe, I believe.

Can I forget the tears and blood
Which there He shed for me?
They flow a constant cleansing flood,
Boundless, rich, and free.

2. The Cross.



MUST Jesus bear the Cross alone,
To save all the world from sin?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my errand to wear,
For there's a cross for me.

Upon the crystal pavement down
His Jesus' precious feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, sweep the heavens clean down,
And bear my soul away.

3. The Crowd.



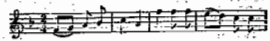
ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh!
To you is all things that Jesus should die;
Your Ransom and Peace, your Surety He is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

For what you have done, His blood must atone;
The Father has punished for you His dear Son;
The Lord in the day of His anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

For you and for me He prayed on the tree,
The prayerer is accepted, the sinner is free;
That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
And came for the pardon God cannot deny.

My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus' blood name;
He purchased the grace which now I embrace;
O Father, Thou knowest, He has died in my place.

4. The Saviour.



SAW ye my Saviour, Saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
He died on Calvary, To save for you and me
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

He was crucified, He was extended,
Shamefully nailed to the cross,
He bowed His head and died! Thus my Lord
Was crucified.

There atone for a world that was lost,
There as my Surety, There as my Surety,
Jesus, my Lord, do I see;
On Him my sins were laid, And for me the debt was paid.

When He groined and expired on the tree,
Now interceding, Now interceding,
Pleading that sinners might live!
Saying, "Father, I have died, See my wounded hands and side.

I've redeemed them, I pray Thee forgive.

5. The Crucifixion.



WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange crying cry?
(Sinner, He prays for you and me.)

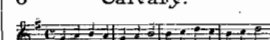
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by His they live!"
Thou loving all-merciful Lamb;
Thou—by Thy precious blood.

Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all take all my sins away.

O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
In death and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every deepening sinner's ears.

Thou art my heart, hear the pleading sound,
Sing: I, even I, have merest found
And bear my soul away.

6. Calvary.



O REMEMBER Calvary,
And take my sins away;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

Speak, and let the blood be found,
And let the dying die;
Friend of sinners, precious Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone;
He with all my sins I cast
On my atoning God.

Tell me now in love Divine
That Thou hast pardoned me;

7. Easter.



RISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.

Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.
He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;

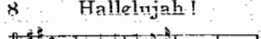
His precious blood to plead,
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:

"Forgive him, Oh forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that wretched sinner die."
My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;

He calls me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

8. Hallelujah!



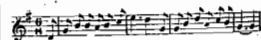
WE praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
Who hasten us, who died, and is now gone above.
CHORUS—Hallelujah! 'tis done.

We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
Who hasten us, our Saviour, and saviour of our night.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has brought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

9. Peace.



I STAND all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love,
And over its waves to my Saviour
Come peace, peace, oh a heavenly dove.

CHORUS—The cross now atones my sins
I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that atones my life;
But when I had reached from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every white whale;
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came, healing my soul.

The Prince of my Peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He saith—
"My peace I will give unto thee."

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PROGRAM OF THE MONTREAL MEETINGS.

THURSDAY, April 8.—Banquet and Welcome Reception.
FRIDAY, April 9.—Morning: Induction of the Light House Band and Chorus. Afternoon: Relief Meeting. Night: Address by the Commandant: "The Salvation Army in Relation to Social Reform."

SATURDAY, April 10.—Field Officers' Councils.
SUNDAY, April 11.—A.M.—Service in French. 3 p.m.—Address by the Commandant: "The Secret of the Army's Success." 7 p.m.—Christening on Fire.

MONDAY, April 12.—Staff Councils. Nearly the whole of the Dominion Staff will be present.
TUESDAY, April 13.—Staff Councils.
WEDNESDAY, April 14.—Staff Councils.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth to the Front.

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